Atlanta Lesbian Alliance
Box 7684
Atlanta, Ga
30309

Ain't I A Woman?

25¢

Published by the AIAW Collective
Iowa City, Iowa
Volume 3 Number 5
July 20, 1973

Ten out of thirteen pregnancies
caught my mother's womb
at 18 tender years,
And gave her no rest until they took it away
at 39 tired ones, so she could keep working.
1 lost,
9 live births...
Nine lives that she survives
in debt, deeper every year,
and in poor health-
make no mistake about that POOR health.

She gave up what could have been an easier life,
the single life,
for a place in Heaven, and one fucker.
That lost single-ness
and the color of her skin
could have cushioned her after a hard childhood.
But she gave up the first,
in fact, saw no choice...
And in her world the second was the Rule,
she could eat, marry, and live in her town,
and be oblivious to the oppression of others.
She's never realized a lot of her own.

She suffered and fought and cried.
She sacrificed and rationalized and fell.
And she prayed.

AND SHE'S STILL PRAYING—
to earn salvation and mercy for her kids and husband,
whom she's condemned countless times.
Her older daughters don't believe, really-
and her young children could defect anytime.
I keep hoping, and God knows, I'VE TRIED.

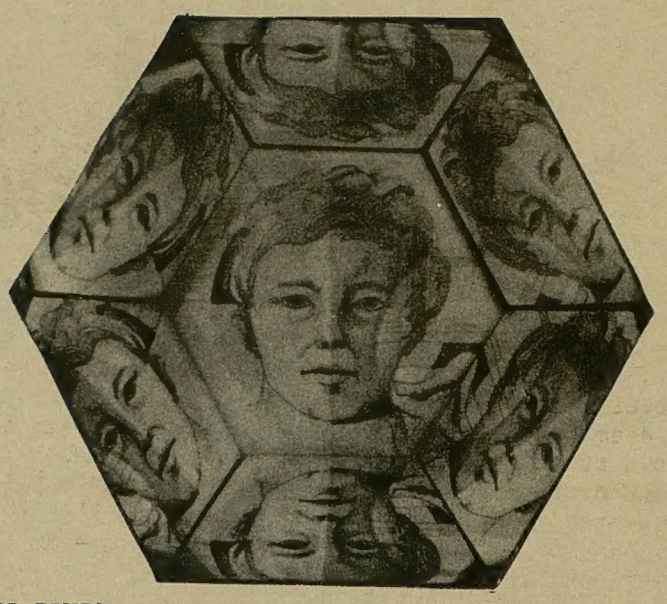
I was her first,
and so I'm told, the most trouble.
He always told me I was the worst,
and I hate him,
though my anger has dissipated these past two years.
My conviction is nearly emotionless,
and really exists as a ghost.
My bones and bruises are healed.
and I live in another town, besides.
I also won the last fight I had with him.

But my sister, fourth in line, is catching the shit, now.
And I can't really ease her pain,
just warn her and hope she fights back sometimes,
to ward off hopelessness.

I never understood class by any name,
But I can see where my consciousness came from.
I resisted staying in the Working Class
until they ripped off my last buck,
and now I'm in debt, too,
without even a year's credit,
and certainly without grace.
My sisters haven't been led on,
and will not make my mistake.

I am a feminist and a lesbian,
so my mother and I talk about class now.
I know she'd never let you malign her work and pride,
she defends honest, hard work ethics,
and she sometimes makes bitter comments
about the ruling and middle classes-
without mentioning their names.
But she also berates me because she thinks
I'm a dreamer,
with no respect for anything or anybody.
Once I wanted to change my last name
to her first name.
It only embarrassed her.
She didn't understand,
Maybe I just wanted to get back at the old man.
She matters to me and my name hasn't changed.

I tell her I want to be a carpenter,
or a printer or a mechanic-
and all she can say is:
"You're not built for that kind of work.
You think you're a goddam athlete?
You just want a man's job, that's sick.
When you've got some talent and creativity
you've got no business digging ditches."
and when I say:
"That's bullshit,
Grandpa works at Goodyear. If he can,
so can I-
I want to."



She says:
"And Grandpa is old before his time.
He's sixty-two and it's like he's eighty.
They won't let him work outside anymore.
He's at a desk....shuffling papers,
and he's miserable, he feels useless.
And he's sick,
He can't even have a beer these days."
What can I say to that painful news?
Grandpa's plight catches my throat,
not out of fear for myself, but him,
and my mother, who's headed that way.
I only mouth a defense of our class,
and she doesn't give a shit what I say.
I realize that she'll defend her life,
and fight to change mine.
And she stubbornly plugs on:
"Get a job where you go to work from 9 to 5,
pay your debts, and get some security for the future,
don't kid yourself, things are getting rougher.
Like be a clerk in a store,
check-out girls at Eagle's make $3.00 an hour."
So I tell her that carpenter's apprentices start higher,
and that men have all the job security,
even though all men don't.
And on and on and on...

My mother wants me to make it,
and still keep the ethics.
But I will stay working-class,
and I won't have to try.

Listen to me, mom.
I love you,
but I love myself and our people, too-
and I don't mean the Mother Church,
or racist, sexist, club-wielding men.
You like music, dancing, and slapstick comics,
I do, too.
You want your kids to eat well,
wear adequate clothing
and be clean.
So do I.

When I was younger
I thought she'd die if she ever found out about
my life and my politics.
Well, she's found out enough to tumble the cathedral,
and she just keeps saying those goddam prayers.
If I had a nickel for every rosary...
I could pay my debts,
and hers, too.

She says my brains are in my ass,
and I can't get past her logic, at times.
It's hard to get things going,
like the revolution.
It's hard enough to survive
without going crazy for good
beats me how women without friends make it
in this world
beats me where the money comes from
unless it's from the top.
And it beats me more that that is
where the money comes from.
we're so bought off,
we're going to turn on each other for blood-
when we should be kicking our asses
to get a move on,
and start kicking where it counts.
Personally I find matches in the kitchen,
close to the knives.

about fighting back...

I haven't been really knocked around much in my life. One time my father batted me around for leaving the house without wearing socks or that's what he said. Hell if I know what was his hassle or maybe I do. His life has been one repressed violent nightmare but I bet he never got knocked around much either. Another time I came home at 4 am and was greeted by a couple of glasses of cold water thrown at me by my parents who had read somewhere that that was a method of treating hysterical people and my behavior to them seemed hysterical. Still basically I have experienced very little violence of the type we all generally flash on when we hear the word -- I was never raped, beaten, etc. A little beat up during the '68 democratic convention but after all that was something I courted so to speak. But I want to talk about how violent my life has really been but of course that's pretty hard just like when someone does small subtle things that fuck you over but they're small and they're subtle so if you react at all, you're over-reacting if you know what I mean. So how to begin explaining the violence is sort of hard. But it begins every morning because every morning the world is still running in the same order. There you are. What is there to complain about except job hunting and how degrading that is, looking for places to live and knowing from the very first time you didn't have one that no one owed you one.

One thing I have learned is that it is very embarrassing to be fucked over; it is embarrassing to be weak; it is embarrassing to be poor; and it's embarrassing because you take it and sometimes, most of the time, you have to take it in front of other people and that makes it worse. You take it because you really have no way to fight back or at least you don't know of any way to fight back. I really want to be talking about fighting back- why we don't - how we maybe could but I should at least try to explain the violence we should be fighting back against.

As I said the violence I'm talking about is subtle so it's hard to explain and I don't mean to talk about it as if I don't think overt physical violence done to women all the time is not so horrible that horrible is an inadequate word. But the subtle violence hits everyone and clobbers anyone who does not catch on quick to the line they are suppose to toe and toe it but good. The kind of violence I mean is the kind that the public so to speak never sees- it's the kind that the government and power structures and men can do without being seen by anyone but their victims. It's the employer implying that if you don't get back into line you'll lose your job but no matter how obscene the line he wants you to toe is you can't tell anyone or you'll lose your job. It's having so much to say about what is going on, so much to communicate politically to other people and doing so only to hear rumors of investigation, rumors of what such and such an authority will do to you if you don't cool it -- read get back into line - their line. They don't even have to take you to court, shoot you, etc. They just have to threaten and not even directly and you have to retreat because even though you are treated like a dumb shit (which is a violent thing- to treat someone like a dumb shit) you're smart enough to know what they can and will do to you, so you retreat just like they knew you would. Maybe basically it's the violence that those in power can do to those not in power and by the very nature of being in power they can be subtle. It's only the powerless that are forced to either give in or violently, unsubtly fight back. Lots of women eventually give in and I understand that. I understand all the apolitical women and love all the dead women who could not face the violence and had no channel for their rage but suicide.

Reasons we don't fight back or at least reasons I don't fight back are many. First I've been violently brainwashed into believing that if I try and be what I'm supposed to be which gets harder and harder to figure out, I admit, that I'll be given some kind of repreive in the form of a piece of the pie. If I behave they stay off my case or my ass or back or whatever. I know this to be a blatant lie but I still act as if I don't know what I do know. Then there is the whether I am prepared to die question and I don't know whether I am or not. I don't even know what being prepared means. As far as my willingness to die, I don't think anyone's going to ask me first before they shoot or let me starve. But I don't mean to talk lightly of that question because the rage that all women feel, that all oppressed people feel can turn to a kind of madness that makes you fight back in situations that you know you can't win - to perform the alamo - to participate in Attica - to not live to know if your actions have changed anything. And that madness is the most beautiful kind of sanity when compared with the filthy normalcy and subtle violence people are forced to experience. In the case of women I fear that we all go mad alone. We are never in the same place at the same time so it is difficult to act together. So many of us just flip out dramatically alone and after all there is the old movement talk of get together with just another or two other people you can trust and do your thing. Security is important. My fear is that nothing gets done because you never can be secure enough.

But the reason for not moving that looms largest in my mind is the macho image of what a revolutionary is -- in short, John Wayne but just fighting on the other side. What keeps me from even thumbing my nose is a fear of inadequacy to live up to how together I think we have to be -- even more than fear of death. Well, in the last few years of becoming a political person, meaning not only coming to some kind of anaylsis which is marxist (sort of) and feminist (definitely) but also working and identifying with other women and participating in a process, I have done more stuff than I had ever done or thought I could do in my whole life. All the projects we've done, very few of us would have had the confidence to do alone or even with one other friend (who we trusted). And if we had stopped to assess our ability to do most of these things we probably never would have begun.

I have 28 years of rage stuffed into my small and inadequate self and that rage is so fucking potentially violent and waiting to turn into a John Wayne, that someday before I get to that point (which I will never get to anyway and which John Wayne never got to either for that matter) it's going to mean exploding someday probably toward myself and probably in a fairly uproductive way. And waiting for the ultimate violent overt act by the state which somehow will give me the mystical strength of a revolutionary army is like waiting for the trust fund or inheritance I am not getting. And I love my rage and how violent a person I am cause it is the only human and womanly response that this society has not killed yet. So here I am at the end of this article which isn't even one, with a conclusion I can not say in print despite the dumb shit belief of liberals in freedom of the press. There is so much we should begin to talk out amongst ourselves and that is risky, sure, and there is so much we can begin learning and doing even if it is laughingly piddily and that is risky too. But being alive is risky and bottling our rage is risky -- it's all a matter of choices. I want to choose to nurture my violence, my hatred and my rage like I nuture my love and committment to women. Men have no corner on the market of violence. Theirs happens to be of a rather distasteful nature and very visible. Ours is more beautiful than flowers and young children and unseen.

"THIS IS FOR STRAIGHT, BI-SEXUAL, and LESBIAN WOMEN WHO WON'T LET GO OF men."

Violence comes down on all women from men...all men. Whether she is the epitome of male-defined femininity or the dykiest of radical lesbians a woman should know to be afraid of men; whether he is a robust, chain-and-whip-carrier or a lanky, bearded bicycle rider or the most cerebral of the cerebrals and has the method for beating the system, or a childcare worker (unless he's gotten his penisectomy,) or your father, or the detergent-handed, diaper-changing, I'll-do-half-the-worker, or the man in blue or the man in black, or the one who calls you ms. and doesn't hold doors and pull chairs anymore, or the only man who's made you come, or a wheelchair driving veteran, or the-only-real-friend-I-have, or the kindest-most considerate human being... if it's a he, he hates you and/or all women and will do harm to you or other women in his lifetime!! That's for sure, too.

Think about it. Do you have that exceptional man hanging around your house? You say he's incapable of harming a fly.. that's because he respects flies more than women, then, because just yesterday I saw him turning his back to a woman getting man-handled by her dude. Oh, was he going to get the cops? Well, he certainly did the right thing... for his brother. How do you think your gentleman acts when he's provoked by a bunch of man-hating lesbians? Unless he blows himself up with his friends he acts inappropiately.

No man is INCAPABLE of Violence Toward a Woman. No Man Isn't Violent Toward Women. I'm so tired of women, gay and straight, saying I know one man who's worth struggling with. Dammit, struggle with him all you want, but don't kid yourself that he can't harm you or another woman very easily and get away with it. That's the fuck-up... MEN GET AWAY WITH IT because of their position in this society. Men listen to each other, women listen to men, men make laws and we all follow them.

The obvious ways men are violent against women are rape, murder and beating. Men quibble about what constitutes rape; women know and should start stating without exception that rape is anytime she is coerced by physical force or pathetic pleas to have intercourse with a man. Having once been made to have intercourse with a guy in the back of a station wagon while another man watched shows me what a double-think standard men have laid on us. Although I was scared to not go through with it, was in danger if I tried to resist, was traumatized and ashamed of it forever afterwards... it's just recently dawned on me that that was rape. I knew it was rape then.. but I never thought that word, even telling that horrible secret for the first to my lover safe in bed with her one night last year. It's not rape, chick, because we're friends, it's not rape, baby, because I love you, it's not rape, sweetheart, you enjoy this as much as me. It's Rape, sister, stop thinking of men as harmless.

Murders and beatings are the muscle-flexes of the power class in this country. All men don't participate but all men are condoners and beneficiaries of such acts since they further subjugate women out of threat of pain or death. Stop thinking there are exceptional men because he's not that way with you; the powerful and privileged can always be generous and concede a little without giving up control of what they have and mean to keep.

I think I find it easy to see through men's exceptional behavior because they don't act that way around men. One woman, who I was romantically in love with, and who was a beautiful person, wanted to share her happiness over our relationship with her sister and brother-in-law (an exceptionally gentle and understanding man.) I never did hear Marianne's reaction, Karl so out-thundered her. Karl wanted to save Sylvia for a man, such a fine sister-in-law he had that he wanted a man to enjoy her intelligence, beauty, and personality. It would have killed her father, he told Sylvia. Karl was so concerned for his over-powered, temporarily confused sister-in-law that he personally took her to the airport and guarded her so that wicked, treacherous me couldn't even say "What's going on?" to Sylvia. After the plane had safely taken off he invited me to his living room for a man-to-man (what else could I be, after all..) talk with him. He had one stiff whiskey after another, eventually crying into his glass. I had to do it, you couldn't give her everything a man could, the security, the life, the children. I love Sylvia, I care about her, her family's been wonderful to me....she wouldn't be happy with you, you'd live in hiding, never accepted by society... I love Sylvia as much as my wife... I've felt strong attraction for her, I'd never touch her, though....save her for another man.

Another really exceptional man was Fred, the understanding, healthy, rational psychologist. Fred and I met Janet about the same time. She went out with us both, she and I became excellent friends and lovers, she and Fred became lovers later, and finally married (his second time, but he lied to her about that until much later, also lying about his age.) He beat her sometimes when he learned about my sexual involvement with his wife, when she fled back to me he came over and broke through my locked door to accost us both. He must have been threatened then because he retreated for a time,(well, he couldn't very well have gotten into bed with us.) But later, when he found Janet hiding behind me (literally) and continuing to relate to me sexually he physically attacked me several times in public places. Twice he took a fighting stance and raised his fists but never hit me, once he got pushy first and I slugged him and he left. This exceptional man is a clinical counselor of criminal deviants and wants to specialize in counseling homosexuals in penal institutions, also twice divorced.

And it's not just butchy women like me exceptional men find out of favor. A friend of mine, a fem, was leaving a mixed gay bar in Chicago when she was jumped and raped by three men. One of the men she identified as one of the boys she'd seen in the bar who'd asked her to dance and she refused. He probably just posed as gay that night to find out how willing the feminine gay women were to have sex with a real man, since obviously no butch could imitate and compare with a man

Valerie Solanas' description of why men rape, murder and beat women is: "Violence serves as an outlet for his hate and, in addition, the male being capable only of sexual responses and needing very strong stimuli to stimulate his half-dead self, provides him with a little sexual thrill." But men have escalated their attacks to a more sophistocated level in the wake of a growing lesbian nation.

Overt violence affects all women, but terrorism in the form of public humiliation and degradation through exposure of life-style, threats of loss of job, home, and life is a specific breed of violence directed at women who reject their roles in society, who not only reject but actively destroy those roles, women who'll no longer lay under the ruling hand of fascist male chauvinism....lesbians.

All lesbians are in a position to be terrorized in these ways by the nature of their lifestyles, whether closeted or open. A woman who continues to relate to men has men in her home who she may have to fear, but she does not chance losing her job or home because she relates to the men. A lesbian is never out of danger of attack from men even though she doesn't invite them into her home, she is threatened with being kicked out of an apartment, losing a job, losing all her security because she will not relate to men. In fact, when recognized as a lesbian, every area of her life is in danger. Male ego doesn't accept it for a long time, giving women a lot of leeway, I've found in 12 years of experience, but once they see it they're threatened as hell, and strike out to obliterate!

If you're not working, if you're independently wealthy, own the place you live in, and your family is all dead or hundreds of miles away you probably can't relate to the paranoia I'm expressing. Sometimes love has overcome me, and I've walked around downtown Iowa City holding hands with that woman, arm-in-arm, or even kissed affectionately on the street... on a coffee break or lunch break from my job downtown, no less. And , no, I haven't lost my job yet. I quit. I think sometimes it depends on how much pressure, sarcasm and wit I can tolerate from male bosses on the topic of my hairy legs, wearing pants all the time, my braless friends, who I live with, going out on a date, etc, etc.

And I assume my bosses and women I work with don't even know that I'm gay, they're in that stage of seeing but not believing that gives me leeway. Leeway to cool it a little, or prepare to be found out by starting to look for another job that I don't need a reccomendation from this one to get, or arming myself with self-defense, bandaids, and a good devout friend or two.

To be gay implies imminent defeat of the heterosexual standard controlled by men for their self-interest. That women love women is seen by men as sick and perverted because it excludes them, undermines their power. So they rapidly resort to the power they have.. physical assault of women including lesbians which is condoned by the police, rape of women including lesbians which is condoned by the law, public harassment of lesbians which is condoned by pricks everywhere, job discrimination, housing discrimination, private harassment designed to create as much discomfort to lesbians as possible condoned by agencies of heterosexuals.

The point is that the man has power over us, including the space we make for ourselves with so much energy and enthusiasm. The naivete of saying we lesbians have removed ourselves from the threat of violence because we no longer relate to men, as a lesbian of the WL vintage said at a recent meeting, is apparent to all dykes who have known other than the "gay women's community," we live in now in Iowa City. At anytime, without warning, lesbians can lose what they have. That is the violence lesbians face.

Because lesbianism is political, the terrorism against us must be combatted with a political consciousness. Keeping us outwardly in line doesn't really work for the man because of what it's doing to us inside. But putting hope in exceptional men, looking for and struggling with those men is an eroding force on our strength. It takes women's energy and gives men an in We can't afford to let them have.

SISTERHOOD STRIKES AGAIN...

Dear AIAW women,

I was disturbed by the page on Andra Medea's and Kathleen Thompson's rape study in the Aug. 18 AIAW. There has been some furor in the feminist media about stars. There has been talk of middle-class domination. Occasionally someone even mentions opportunism. In print we radical feminists scoff at the idea of sisterhood: because of the problems of elitism, class, and movement rip-offs, sisterhood in itself no longer satisfies us. Yet we act as though all women are to be trusted, or at least allowed to do their thing. The right wing of the movement favors the ERA: we remain silent, objections unvoiced. Trotskyists, with their conservative platforms, take over numerous movement groups: hardly any discussion in feminist media. WONAAC, following a Trot takeover, issues a uselessly meek program: a few women protest at WONAAC conventions, and the feminist media devotes some coverage to their protests - but afterwards, nothing.

Feminists. Will we support anybody at all? Criticize no one except each other? We say different women have different interests, some of them irreconcilable. If that is ture, we ought always to question the credentials of non-feminists (and anyone else) who claim to act on women's behalf, especially if they seek our help in the process. Now it may turn out that we decide their work is OK. Fine. It may also turn out that we decide their work is deleterious. But given the experience of other movements with opportunism, and given our own beliefs, we have a right to see the political credentials of our self-styled benefactors before deciding whether or not to co-operate with them.

On to Medea's and Thompson's study. I am offended that AIAW printed it in that format. You of all groups! You who never miss a chance to comment on essays you print; you who insist on the primacy of class in feminist analyses - you merely reproduce Medea's and Thompson's questionnaire on rape, the results from which they plan to use in a book - and, by your failure to comment, you imply that you approve of their work. So let me ask you the questions you apparently did not ask Medea and Thompson. First of all, who are Medea and Thompson? Why are they writing the book? Who is funding their research? Will they profit from it in any way? (Is it a Ph.D dissertation, for instance?) And, since we are being asked to spend a possibly painful half-hour gratis to complete their questionnaire - what will be done with any money the book makes? And so on - surely you get the point? Now for all I know Medea and Thompson founded Women's Liberation, are funded by Amazons Anonymous, and intend to run guns with the profit. On the other hand, they may be Pussycatters. That's not my point. My point is that either you did not ask them beforehand, or at any rate didn't pass on to us their potential subjects anything about just what the fuck they're doing. Surely we are entitled to some information before deciding whether or not to co-operate? Surely you of all groups don't expect us to support them just because we're all female? Surely you realize you have a right to question them? And for their part, if they are genuinely movement women, they will realize the necessity for the questions and answer honestly without being offended. If on the other hand they get self-righteous and refuse to answer, while simultaneously carrying on their interrogations of women's rape esperiences - why then you have a nice expose, no?

As I say, my objection so far has nothing to do with Medea's and Thompson's politics. You ought to have told us a little about their study even if it reeked of radicalism. As it happens, I think I detect something else, and, assuming you reprinted the questionnaire correctly, my next objection is to Medea and Thompson.

There are three ways you can study rape. You can examine the rapist, depicting him as a weird deviant compelled to crime against the sentiments of proper society and good people everywhere. Unfortunately, evidence indicates he differs in no significant way from any other man. So much for that approach.

The second way to study rape is to look at its victims. Here you might want to prove they're the weird ones: they asked for it, didn't fight back, came fifty-seven times, etc ad nauseam. That's the conservative version of approach number two, and I assume we all know what's wrong with it. But there's also a liberal version of number two. This emphasizes the susceptibility of all women to rape, and instead of saying it's only bad girls who get raped anyway, says that - and here's the important part - since even nice women get raped (and feel free to translate "nice" into race, class, and age categories), and since rape victims suffer, rape is bad. These liberal studies direct their efforts to proving that nice women get raped and that rape victims (yes, George, your very own sister!) suffer. (If you catch yourself wondering why suffering needs to be proved, you just don't understand the meticulous attention to unnecessary evidence of the liberal academic mind. Remember how five years ago they wanted us to prove women are oppressed? Well, they grant that now; so now they want proof that women suffer from oppression.) The assumption behind the liberal approach is that the powers-that-be allow us to be victimized because they don't know how bad it hurts. So what we have to do is unite under the mass slogan, "Ouch." Once they understand the enormity of our pain, they will forsake their opposition to us, and moral decency will triumph. It's a communication problem.

I trust we all know what's wrong with that approach.

The third way to examine rape is to consider it an illustration of a more general problem: sexism. We know it is men who perpetuate sexism. We have reason to suspect all or most men condone rape. We have reason to suspect all or most rules of the game they call justice are designed and administered in such a way as to protect them against us. The student of rape who holds these assumptions will be primarily interested in male responses to rape. She will ask the victim questions like: Did you tell a male friend you were raped? (Assuming he's not the culprit, of course.) What was his response? Did you go to a hospital? What was its response? Private doctor? Minister? Father? DID YOU SEEK AID FROM OR INFORM ANY AGENTS OF THE PATRIARCHY THAT YOU WERE RAPED, AND WHAT WAS THEIR RESPONSE? The feminist rape student would also observe some of these agents first-hand (hospitals, for instance) to see what happens and to support rape victims who want aid. Actually, I'm not convinced that any study of rape would be useful to the movement; but at least this third approach has the virtue of proving injustice, which angers us, rather than suffering, which merely depresses us. It has the additional merit of making the oppressors rather than the oppressed objects of study - and I'd like to see that; this preoccupation of social observers with victims instead of with exploiters makes me a bit suspicious. Besides, you never know when stray information on how the latter work will come in handy.

Now for Medea's and Thompson's approach. In their covering letter, they say, "We feel that the most important approach to [rape] is one that deals with the victims, women." They ask very few questions about response to rape victims. And the ones they do ask are - well, funny. They have a section on the police. OK. They give respondents only an inch or two of space to reply, but OK, and maybe that's AIAW's fault, not theirs. But then there's the question on the court. "If you went to court, did you feel that you received just treatment?"

Huh? "Did you feel...?" Italics mine, but what in hell have feelings got to do with it? That wording implies that Medea and Thompson are studying, not the court's response, but the victim's very possibly incorrect interpretation of the court's response. Otherwise why not phrase it, "If you went to court, did you receive just treatment?"

The only other question about responses to the rape victim is: "Did anyone or anything help you afterwards to deal with the rape in your own mind?" Now I'm getting curious. Just exactly how is one supposed to "deal with the rape in [her] own mind"? Find God? Eat Granola? Think of Bach? Get a lobotomy? Short of retaliatory violence, how does one cope chicly with rape? In her own mind, I mean.

Because of the wording, these questions elicit information about the victim's suffering, not about injustice per se. I can see the glorious findings now. 'Rape is bad because 67.4% (±.01) of its victims can't dea; with it afterwards in their own minds. This inadequacy on the part of subjects to cope with the frustrations following contact with the rapist, tends to produce feelings of lack of self-worth which are manifested in expressions of alienation. As one subject put it, "The pigs [police] are supposed to help us, but they made me feel like sh-t."'

The only other questions Medea and Thompson ask are designed, as far as I can tell, to prove the liberal claim that nice women get raped. They want to know who you are, who he is, what he did to you, where you were when he did it, what you tried to do about it, whether you succeeded, and why or why not. Either they're voyeurs, or they're trying to prove (to whom? why?) that usually the rape victim isn't at fault. I don't know which is worse. I don't know why we need another liberal study of victims. And finally, I don't know why AIAW is asking the victims to co-operate.

In the struggle--
Ann Leffler

P.S. You have my permission to print this.
P.P.S. Why do Medea and Thompson want to know our height and weight?
c.c.: Kathleen Thompson, AIAW, and whatever other feminist media decide to reprint the questionnaire.

dear ann,

It was a long time ago that we published the rape questionnaire and we can remember what we were going through at the time which made our printing it logical. We wouldn't print it now if it were sent and for all the reasons you give, and we prob ably wouldn't have printed it a month or 2 before we did. But at the time we re ceived that questionnaire we were feeling the strain of being isolated from the community here because of our strong line politics, our critical responses to articles, etc. It wasn't that we felt it would be good to compromise our politics for some kind of "sisterhood" with people we did not politically agree with but more a desire to have channels of dialogue open with other women whose politics were perhaps not that unsimilar but who were intimidated by our "°rst-word" sort of criticalness.

For months our collective talked mostly only to our collective. Also at that time the women's community was growing here and we wanted to be a part of that community because it is in and from the community of women here that our politics and struggle come from and develop. So perhaps as a re action to the strain of isolation we overcompensated by being uncritical when we should have been. Every step forward in consciousness we have made has been marked with new contradictions to deal with, ie. isolation being essential to work out stuff other women weren't dealing with and at the same time that isolation keeping us from dealing with what other women were dealing with.

The other thing on our minds at the time was pragmatic and regarded self-defense. The idea of information disseminated on stuff like in what ways women were attacked could direct us in developing techniques for self-defense.

Anyway these 2 things being foremost in our minds we ignored questioning the whole validity of the study to begin with & we're glad you did and agree strongly with your analysis. We, too, are concerned with the book publishing, academic haze that covers up, and often poses as, the real issues and struggles of the women's movement.

with love,
AIAW

What to do about rape in a white woman's

We received this letter from Kathy Williams last fall, and have only continue to be, appropriate, and are pleased to print it here. As tim that the subject of race is wrongfully submerged again and again for want to print it, as an example of one woman's attempt at a beginning the process of self-criticism reflected in the letter. At the end of want to encourage anyone to write her c/o AIAW. We would like to prin make sure Kathy receives them. For obvious reasons we can't print her

Dear Women:

Several months ago, a politically conscious white Lesbian, living on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, was violently raped by a Third World man (black) who has been seen since hanging out on the corner of Eighth Street and Second Avenue and who has approached other women and raped one other woman since and maybe more. Following this rape, a group of women, all white except for one black woman, and all Lesbians and friends or associates, got together to discuss what to do about rape on the Lower East Side (or anywhere, but particularly here). The tone of this first meeting was particularly racist so that at the second meeting more Third World women came to confront the white women on the racism of the first meeting and to enlarge the discussion of rape which they felt had been too simplistic and racist in the fact that it left out the interests and viewpoint of Third World women and the Third World Community in general.

Although there was defensiveness on account of the racism of the first meeting, the women, Third World and white, who attended the second meeting shared common feelings and views around some points: mostly all were Lesbians and shared a common anger toward men in general and toward this rapist in specific. All shared also a common political (leftist) perspective, a consciousness that men, especially Third World men, are victims in this society too, and a determination to develop some way of dealing with the problem of rape without calling in cops (more about this later). The white women shared a general desire also to deal with the problem in a non-racist way, although individual women were challenged on their degree of sincerity in this stated desire. However, real political differences emerged, and no consensus was ever reached about what to do. In our groping to find a new way to talk about rape and to try to deal with all the complexities that arose, we became immobilized and divided and confused. The meeting ended with some personal antagonisms in which the real differences and issues got submerged.

The third meeting was attended once again by mostly white women with one or two Third World women present. We began writing a political statement about rape that was to be Bulletin #1 of a long series of statements we were planning to produce in poster form and post up in public places around the Lower East Side. There were a few more meeings about the wording of this poster, but in the end it was finally produced by five white women, myself included, everyone else having dropped out. There was one particularly bad meeting where everyone who didn't support the poster was told to leave and that it would be produced regardless of whether everyone agreed on its wording or content or worth. Included in those told this were Third World women, who at the time thought the poster would be ineffective, and the white woman who had orriginally been raped, who disagreed with the poster because it was addressed to rapists. These disagreements with the poster were dismissed at the time as a lack of seriousness about wanting to do something.

Those who remained to work on the poster (see graphic) did so because they still primarily wanted to do something, and the poster did say something about rape. I worked on the poster because I was feeling frustrated at the lack of action, feeling hopeless about finding a solution, and, as a result of that hopelessness, feeling all the more afraid to walk the streets at night. I had mixed feelings about the poster itself, however, and after thinking it over and talking it over with others, I finally decided there were too many valid criticisms of the poster for me to follow through on posting up my share of the copies. Instead, I decided to write this letter criticizing the poster and attempting to record the process that we went through which led up to the poster, the solutions we discussed, and to send it off as a consciousness-raising effort. I have asked the help and suggestions of a few others in recording things right, but, in general, this attempt to describe what we went through is one woman's view. This letter in no way summarizes the views of everyone involved.

The poster for me is a negative example of everything not to do. The criticisms of it are as follows:

1) The poster is addressed to men in a conciliatory tone, asking men not to rape us. This is inappropriate as it does not reflect our true feelings about rapists or would-be rapists. This tone was the result of a compromise between our assertiveness as women and our broadly defined politics (which I have loosely called "leftist," for lack of a better word). It was intended as a small consciousness-raising effort, but, as the only result of a whole series of discussions by women and about women, it was a poor choice to attempt to begin consciousness-raising about rape by addressing would-be rapists.

2) The poster reads as if it were directed not only to men, but specifically to Third World men (as connoted by the term "revolutionary brother"). This is racist in that it reinforces the racist assumption propagated by white men that all Third World men are rapists and specifically out to rape white women. In the wording of our poster, we are unconsciously assuming that to address a rapist is to address a Third World man.

It is a reality that many Third World men might see raping a white woman as an expression of their anger toward white men and toward this racist society in general. This was mentioned in Soul On Ice by Eldridge Cleaver, and several of the Third World women at the meeting stated this was true. However, it is also true that a racist fear of being raped by a Third World man is implanted in many white women's heads from girlhood along with that Victorian sexual protectiveness which belongs to white culture and which is inherently racist, as it sets up the pedestal virginal, pure, and superior image of the white goddess. There is also real and legitimate fear of being taken advantage of by men in general coming out of every woman's real life experience at one time or another.

It is up to a white woman to confront her fears -- and in being on guard against the reality of male aggression toward and oppression of women -- not forget the other reality, racism. She must realize that in many situations, many of her fears can be irrational and based on racist imaginings and feelings over which she (as a white woman) has little control because they are below the level of her consciousness. This does not mean, however, that our guilt at having such racist fears should make us bend over backwards to trust situations that in a big city such as New York our good sense tells us not to trust. It is exactly by playing on this racist guilt that this rapist has succeeded in raping the two women he has been known to rape.

It is a historical fact that this racist myth about the Third World man out to rape white women exists and has been used for centuries as an excuse and justification for the jailing and lynching of Third World men. One example is the Scottsboro (Alabama) case where three black brothers (age 10-16) were sentenced to death on the testimony of a classmate, a white girl who had allowed (asked) one of the three brothers to kiss her, went home to tell her mother, and then been intimidated by her parents into testifying that instead of just kissing her, he had raped her.

. a Third World Neighborhood: n's self-criticism

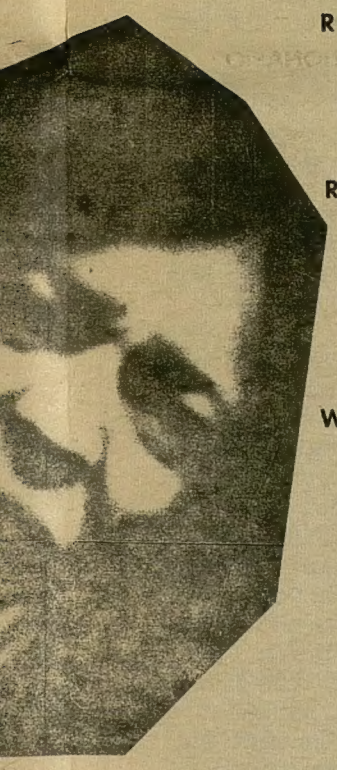
have only just now been able to print it. We feel it is still, and will re. As time goes on in the movement it becomes increasingly evident again for many reasons -- basically, racist ones. That is one reason we beginning. The second reason we want to print it is that we respect he end of her letter Kathy asks for responses to her analysis, and we ke to print your response if it is OK with you, and in any case we'll print her address in the paper.

-AIAW?

There was world-wide public outrage at this case; the girl later grew up, thought it over, and changed her testimony; and, the boys were re-tried. One was freed, and the others given life imprisonment. This happened only 35 odd years ago in the U.S.A. There are other examples of black men jailed because a white woman was walking on the other side of the street and reported to a policeman simply that she was "afraid" the black man was about to rape her. This used to be (and in some places still is) sufficient testimony to get a conviction of rape. There are other examples of the penalty for rape for black men being way out of proportion to the crime -- 99 years in some cases. All this oppression of black men under the cry of Rape was going on while the continual rape of black women by white men went unmentioned by white society. It was partly because of this history that we felt such a distrust of involving cops and the courts in dealing with this rapist.

Although it came out in an unconscious, insidious way, this poster confirms and augments this myth and this tradition, rather than denying or diminishing it.

3) The third objection to the poster is that it addresses Third World men, is translated into Spanish, and shows a picture of a black woman (unidentified) -- all of which combines to give the impression that it was put out by Third World women. Coming from white women, it is deceptive and manipulative. (And also racist.) This is the kind of poster/publication the old movement



(mixed) is famous for: putting out statements that made the group sound evenly racially mixed and representing equally the views of its black as well as its white members when in fact the group was white-dominated. And this manipulative and tokenist practice was done for the sake of conforming and confirming the particular "correct" line of the group. At best, it came also from nervousness about the reality falling short of the dream; it came from being under attack by the straight society, the straight media, and from being subjected to repression from the government and therefore wishing to present as unified a front as possible. But it turns out to be a weakening rather than a strengthening tactic. It turns out to be more dividing than unifying because tokenism always implies objectifying and misrepresenting the Third World people to whom it is usually directed and justifiably angering them. Getting away from those old movement practices was one of the goals of the Women's Movement. And yet this poster coming from women's movement women falls right back into the old pattern.

4) Some of these mistakes that were made in the wording, layout, and general conception of the poster would not have been made perhaps had not the communication broke down at one point and prevented any further changes from being made in the poster or the poster idea. This happened at the meeting described before in this letter where the criticisms and wishes of the two or three Third World women who were involved in the beginning of the writing of this poster -- as well as those of the women for whom rape had been an immediate experience -- were pushed aside. This ignoring of the Third World women's criticisms (both open and tacit in that not very many Third World women chose to work on the poster) was racist. It jeopardized for a while the relationships between Third World and white Lesbians that were (and fortunately still are) beginning to develop on the Lower East Side. These relationships are based on a tenuous understanding that we have interests in common as Lesbians and as women -- an understanding based on the idea that white lesbians, like all white people, need to deal with their racism. More racist meetings, incidents, and posters -- although they don't surprise anybody and, at best, are taken as signs of growth -- certainly don't help cement these bonds.

Let me clarify one point before I continue. The wording which I have attacked as racist was, in fact, the result of both white and Third World women making comments, additions, and deletions. But in trying so hard not to be racist and speak for ourselves alone, as white women usually do, we came up with a poster which is twice as racist because, for example, we failed to recognize that when a Third World woman addresses a rapist as a potential "revolutionary brother," it creates a totally different impression than when white women take over these words (in order to say in our tokenist way that Third World women worked on the poster too) and let them pass without reviewing what the net effect would be when it is known that the poster essentially came from white women. This was only one of our mistakes which could have been avoided.

5) The fifth objection to the poster was from the Third World women who felt that it was a racist presumptuousness in the white women, who are a minority in a Third World community, to take on the publicizing and protesting of the issue of rape (or any issue) in that community.

There were and still are many disagreements on this point. It was the crux of the political differences that emerged. There are two points of view to be considered: that of the Third World women and that of the white Lesbians living as a minority in the Third World community. I feel it important simply to outline these different points of view as best I can -- because these differences, as I have said, were submerged in personal antagonisms, and, to date, have not been made clear to very many people involved. I also feel it important because this difference is one which will probably re-occur often between Third World and white Lesbians, and a certain amount of openness to both points of view is necessary before any resolution can occur. Therefore if I seem not to take a position, it is in the interest of creating that openness. Also, if you find these descriptions grossly oversimplified, please bear in mind that it is a first attempt to make sense out of the chaos of opinions that resulted from this series of meetings.

Although the Lower East Side is predominantly a Third World Community, it is still white-controlled. For example, white police patrol it who would not respond to the cry of rape from a Third World woman, but, on the contrary, are here to harass this community -- men and women. White landlords still own most of the buildings, and, if they rent to Third World people at all, they let the building run down, collect violations, fail to fix the plumbing, paint the halls with non-lead paint (or any paint), or keep the building supplied with heat, hot water, and adequate electricity. These are only a few of the problems vitiated by racism in this community, which was poor to begin with. Into this community move white "subcultures" which profess to be opposed to those who control and oppress the Third World Community -- and yet white privilege continues to pervade the lives of these white outsiders. They rent apartments in the "better" buildings which still won't rent to Third World people ("better" because whites live in them and hence the white landlords keep them up better). And they insist on using their white privilege -- leisure, money, educational edge, "political" experience -- to publicize grievances here which Third World people here still do not have the privilege to do. For example, Third World women are raped frequently on the Lower East Side, but most of them do not even have the privilege of crying out rape, let alone the leisure to call

meetings or put out posters. Very often, they must just go home to their children, and continue their daily routine, whatever it is, for survival. The Third World woman, with whom I discussed these problems, added that not only do Third World women in this community face the continual living and survival problems they face, but they face the additional problem of being objectified in their own community. All propaganda -- gay, straight, black, white, fascist, non-fascist — is poured on the Third World community because it is rapidly becoming a "fashionable" political arena. At best, these political efforts are misdirected and misplaced and only add to the confusion. In this woman's view, the right to publicize grievances is the primary right of anyone born in the Third World community and/or forced to stay there by social and economic pressures. All white people -- with the exception perhaps of white ethnic groups, such as Ukranians, Poles, and Jews (which are also indigenous to the Lower East Side) are outsiders. And these ethnic groups, though poor, still retain many of their white privileges.

This Third World woman understood that white Gay women move into this community because they are cut off from their straight white roots and feel they cannot function as Gay women in a strictly white community. Therefore, by choice, they live with other Gay women who also live in this community. However, as she pointed out, gayness can be hidden from a prospective landlord, whereas blackness cannot be hidden. So, therefore, even though white Gay women would prefer to live where they can be openly gay, this is seen as a preference and a choice rather than as a necessity.

In this woman's view, who is Gay herself, white Gay women would do better to try to think about and deal with their "rootlessness" without oppressing further the Third World community. In a white community, they would find many issues to raise consciousness about -- including rape, Gay oppression, racism -- and their political efforts there would be more beneficial, as well as more effective, than they are in a Third World community. Instead, white Lesbians bring to Third World Lesbians an arrogance about their "woman's" politics (which have so far been white women's politics) and their "gay" politics (which have so far been white gay women's politics). White women forget or don't know or don't want to deal with the fact that Third World women have, by necessity, a different orientation toward the Third World community -- including Third World men -- than white women have toward the white society-- and white men. The white Lesbians are cut off from society as a whole (because that society rejects them) -- whereas Third World women see it in the interests of their survival in a racist society not to be cut off from their Third World community -- straight and gay, men and women.

So, in the Third World view, the question of the right of a minority to publicize its grievances goes beyond questions of simple democracy. There is an understandable anger toward this minority of whites who — even in a Third World community and regardless of oppression they may also feel from other segments of white society -- still have everything weighted in their favor because of the pervasive racism of this society as a whole. In outlining this view, I have relied mostly on my discussion of it with one Third World woman, but, in doing so, I do not mean to imply that all Third World women would necessarily agree with her views.

Now, on the other "side," most white Gay women, that I know, live in poor, white working class or Third World communities. This is true in Baltimore, D.C., Boston, and Atlanta, as well as on the Lower East Side. There are many complex reasons for this. Most of white society is dominated by white middle class standards. The middle class, in general (landlords, neighbors, bosses, parents, etc.), does not accept Gay women, and most white Gay women who find themselves in areas where these middle class standards apply have to live with a constant fear of being fired or evicted or disowned or harassed for being Gay. So, many of them move into Third World communities where they are considered outsiders because the community they chose to live in did not choose for them to live there. They move there because, in areas where white middle class values do not apply, there is more tolerance for "deviant" life-styles, and these are the only places where they feel relatively free to be openly Gay.

So there is disagreement as to exactly how much "choice" is involved. Most inner-city neighborhoods are predominantly Third World, but, at the same time, inner-city culture is an integral part of Gay culture and Gay life, and this is where most Gay communities are found. Gay women cannot be separated from their Gay communities — and this is a survival matter for them(us), just as it is a survival matter for Third World gay women not to be separated from their Third World communities.

So far I have not been talking about the needs of the straight members of the white "subculture," but only the needs of its Gay members. This is because the position of straight whites is different from that of Gay whites relative to the Third World community. It is easier for a straight white person to move into a predominantly white working class neighborhood than for a Gay white person. They find more acceptance there for being straight and their "community" is more portable. This is why many more straight white collectives and communes have taken root outside of the predominantly Third World inner-city than Gay collectives and communes. But even among these straight groups there is much talk about depending upon the subculture for sustenance and survival. Even though, among these groups, there is also much talk of going forth into white society to change it, of "becomming one with the people," there is still much clanishness and much unwillingness or inability to do this (possibly for survival reasons?).

Many Gay white women who live on the Lower East Side would not say that they moved here because it was the only place they could be Gay. There are other reasons, too -- desire to escape white middle class dominated lifestyle and existence and livlihood, for example. This "escape" may be voluntary to the eyes of the Third World community, but it is a vital part of the new white subculture rebellion from the racist and classist striving pattern of the old white society.

In addition, there are the problems of individual Gay white women in the Third World community. Many are bound there for economic reasons. On the Lower East Side, the rents go up drastically when one moves into the more racially mixed "East Village" (3rd Avenue to Avenue A). And white Gay women on the Lower East Side who cannot even think of moving into the East Village because of the rents, could never consider moving into the West Village which is predominantly white and middle-to-upper class and even more expensive than the East Village.

Finally, some of the white Gay women who live on the Lower East Side (roughly defined throughout this letter as including the East Village, as it was defined throughout the meetings) do feel as if they belong there because they are second-generation members of the white subcultures there: they were born and raised there; their families still live there; and, as far as they're concerned, their roots are there.

Perhaps white Gay women -- and members of white subcultures in general -- do take up residence in Third World communities and remain there because it's easier and do not analyze why (white privilege) or explore all the possibilities of leaving the Third World community (like, for example, checking out more often the possibility of moving into white working class communities), but there is a "side" to their problems to be heard. They do remain because of social and economic pressures. White society at large has no use for these alternate lifestyle subcultures, makes no place for them, and would like to destroy them. As long as this is true, how they are to survive, meet their needs, deal with their grievances remains a big question to them. Perhaps because of my racism or perhaps because of my needs (or both), I see these two views I have tried to describe as a paradox for which I see as yet no simple answer.

RAPE RACE

6) I have not given a full picture of the response of the Third World community to the poster because I have talked mostly of the criticisms of the Third World women. One Third World group (mixed), however, objected to the poster stating that rape is not a priority of oppressions to deal with in the Third World community. In connection with this, it was noted that neither is murder considered a priority. These two things, rape and murder, are seen as problems involving the people turning on each other, but the real priorities remain dealing with the common sources of all the problems -- hunger, bad housing, fascist welfare laws, daycare, drugs, etc. I can understand the analogy between rape and murder, and I can see the logic of setting up priorities in this way, but the argument holds out no promise to women of stopping rape that affects them now and sets forth no strategy for how to do this in the future.

My attempt to summarize the criticisms of this poster is incomplete without giving some idea of what led up to the poster. The following is a summary of the solutions for dealing with rape and this rapist (James Fair, by name) that were discussed at these meetings and the pros and cons of each:

1) The first solution to occur to everybody was an immediate reprisal in the form of a physical attack on this one man -- and on any others who tried to do the same thing. Those in favor of this solution felt that the only reason women are subject to rape or easy prey to being ripped off is because they are seen by most men as weak and unable to effectively defend themselves. If women began to build up a reputation for themselves of not being so unlikely to defend themselves, then men would be less likely to risk physical injury to themselves in order to rape or rob a woman. Those who were opposed to this response felt that it is not a general political solution to the whole problem but a solution for certain individuals only. In addition, an attack upon this man could possibly turn out to be an inflammatory act and, rather than teach him the desired "lesson," would only make him want to kill the next woman he saw (or one of us if we were recognized some nights later alone on the street). There was also a possibility that he or some of his friends could return to the address he knows of one of the women he has raped and cause more trouble there. We considered the possibility of dealing with him ourselves as an alternative to calling the police. All discussion of what we would do to him was stymied because of fear of reprisals. Even though some of the Third World women were for this action, there seemed to many to be something inherently racist in white women attacking a Third World man. The only thing agreed upon after this discussion was the necessity for women to train themselves in self defense techniques. Several women afterward did start attending self defense classes.

2) The second solution discussed was putting out a poster to at least warn women against him describing his line and his method of getting women's sympathies, playing especially on white women's racist guilt and thus getting them to do things they ordinarily wouldn't do with strange men. (In one case, he told the woman he was just in from California and needed her help in speaking to the super of a building and vouching for him so he could get an apartment. The "super" of the building turned out to be a dark alley. In another case, he talked his way into a woman's apartment, saying again that he was just in from California and was waiting for a friend who lived in her building and with whom he hoped to stay the night. In both cases, he gave the same name, James or Jimmy Fair, and the same story about being from California.) Accompanying this poster, the white women decided, would have to be a picture of him as no simple description or drawing of him would be

as effective a means of identification. Outside of the general objection that a picture would be very difficult to obtain, the Third World women objected that seeing a poster with a black man's face on it would remind them of the ways such posters have been used in the past, and they pointed out that probably such a poster -- in addition to feeding into the racist myth (mentioned before) that all Third World men are out to rape white women -- would incriminate innocent men who merely resembled James Fair, as well as possibly getting James Fair himself into trouble with the police.

Instead, an alternative might have been putting out a poster describing James Fair's tactic and stating something like this: "If you give in to a line like this, you are acting on racist guilt, and you will be raped."

3) The third solution proposed was to carry out a "rape patrol" on the Lower East Side. The problems accompanying this particular solution were (and are) enormous. First, there was a question of where to patrol. The proposed area was 3rd St to 10th St. from Ave. B to 2nd Ave. But this area, the Third World women pointed out, is one in which mostly white women would be out on the streets and, if we patrolled only this area, we would be de facto saying that we wanted to protect only white women from rape (despite our theories of impartiality to the contrary). In addition, we would be (if we were effective at all) driving rapists down into the area of Aves. C to D where mostly Third World women are out on the streets. If the patrolled area were widened to include Aves. C to D, then we would incur another problem -- who to do the patrolling. White women co uldn't do it alone because it is strictly a Third World community and the white women would be taking on the role of white police in this area. In general, harassment was expected from chauvinist men who would get a kick out of harassing a group of angry women out looking for rapists. In addition, there were problems deciding exactly how the patrol would prevent rapes: by actually interfering? Then we would have to arm ourselves in some way thereby inviting even more serious harassment. By hoping simply to deter rapes by our presence? The general concensus was that this would be unrealistic. Finally, just the committment necessary to carry out such a patrol was lacking. It might have been there had we been able to reach an agreement as to how to deal with the above problems, but these problems seemed insurmountable.

I have tried not to generalize on the feelings of the Third World women. This has been hard to do and still give a sense of different opinions of the group. Some Third World women were against the patrol and felt it was racist. Others were for it and willing to participate in it, as well as in the reprisal idea mentioned as Solution No. 1.

4) Another proposal, which more directly led to the poster I have discussed, was to somehow begin to talk about rape in a more political way as a community problem -- not only a women's problem. The analysis discussed was that since women are one-half of the community and since rape destroys women that this is an example of oppression turned in on itself -- of one half of the community destroying the other half and thereby cutting down on the fighting force and the unity necessary to struggle against the common problems and the outside enemies: Rockefeller, Con Ed, slumlords, etc. By reaching out to community groups in the area -- The Young Lords, Movement for Puerto Rican Independence, Odyssey House, etc. -- we hoped to avoid any elitist approach to the problem and find the help and co-ordination we needed.

Talking to community groups about rape was not conceived of as an easy thing. We knew we would have to fight all the old attitudes -- such as the attitude that it is the individual woman's problem "because any woman who is raped somehow brings it on herself." The Third World women pointed out that it was this same attitude that would keep many women from even wanting to talk to us or admit that they were ever raped. There would be an especial reluctance on the part of Third World women to talk about the problem with white women.

There was another obvious problem (which no one mentioned at the time) in that we were all Lesbians, and, unless we hid this fact, we would meet with anti-gay reactions from the community.

Finally, some of the Third World women felt that since the group that proposed to do this community outreach/organizing/consciousness-raising effort was predominantly white and since the Lower East Side is predominantly Third World, it was racist of the white women to presume to "organize" a Third World community. (This argument was detailed before in this "letter.")

5) There was some discussion of putting out a poster addressed to women about rape -- saying that it is a myth that women bring it on themselves and therefore women should not feel shamed by it and hesitate to seek help, and then listing numbers to call for counselling, medical aid, aid in getting an abortion, if needed. Although this was the only proposal to which no one objected, the work necessary to get these numbers and set up a counselling service (or even to contact already existing ones) was never done. The woman whose feelings about rape were the closest to the surface, the woman who had just recently been raped, wrote a leaflet/poster addressed to women about rape, with the help of a friend, but this was never completed and printed.

6) Although I have stated that no one wanted to turn this rapist in to the police (for many reasons), some of the white women still want something done to stop this rapist from raping women, and want to explore the possibility of having him committed to a mental hospital (since he seems to be very sick). This desire is that of only 2 or 3 women, some of whom were adamant before that James Fair not be turned in to the police. I do not share this desire, but I understand that it came from realizing that, after all the talk about political and group solutions, rape is still an individual woman's problem on the Lower East Side as long as James Fair is still at large. All of the above solutions would have been fine if we lived in a post-revolutionary society, and, I know, that all the discussions proved to many women simply that, until the society comes about, all our alternatives are limited, full of contradictions, and frequently bound to accomplish exactly the opposite of what we hope they will accomplish.

In general, I feel that the white women at these meetings (including myself) were talking mostly out of our women's movement rhetoric about rape -- with a leftist movement perspective. When some of our ideas and proposed solutions were called racist, we mostly persisted in thinking that our ideas were "correct" and that "something else" was going on (lack of committment to actually carrying out any programs, lack of seriousness about the problem of rape in every woman's life, personal antagonisms at work, anything but the fact that we were being confronted on our racism.) Because of our defensiveness, we were unable to see that our (the white women's) ideas and feelings about rape come out of our experience and what we have been taught and do not correspond exactly to the Third World woman's experience of and feelings about rape. Our (white) women's movement rhetoric about rape failed us because so far the (white) women's movement has always talked about rape leaving out the Third World woman's experience. The (white) women's movement sometimes talks about Third World women, but we have to realize that the implied "we" of our rhetoric is always white women.

It was striking that the thing the group found it hardest -- if not, in the end, impossible -- to talk about was our deep personal feelings about rape -- how each woman would feel if she were raped, how she had felt if she had already been raped in her lifetime (and many had), how whether or not she was a virgin affected her feelings about rape, and also how these feelings affected her leanings in talking of solutions. Probably, if we had talked in this manner, we would have come up against the same impasses and differences, but we might have communicated better and bridged some of the gap in our experiences. In order to talk in this way, the white women would have had to put aside or overcome their defensiveness, and that would have meant a step in beginning to deal with our racism.

In the past, the white women's movement has dealt with the subject of rape on many levels. We have dealt with it as a physical attack upon women by strangers, and we have organized self-defense classes and rape patrols, and put out posters and leaflets. In our literature, we have broadened our definitions of rape to include wives being beaten and/or raped by their husbands, prospective "girlfriends" giving in to coercive tactics of their prospective "boyfriends" and sleeping with them in order to preserve and protect that male approval that women are taught from girlhood to go after and to prize. We have made rape a kind of metaphor for all of women's oppression.

Some women have pushed the definition of rape even further and talked about it as a concept of exploitation that governs this society as a whole, as a brutal psychology of taking what you want regardless of the rights -- and even the lives -- of others. They have made connections between rape and imperialism and talked about the U.S. government raping the natural resources of Third World countires (as well as of this country). We have talked about the rape of Vietnam. (An article presenting this view in detail was published in Ain't I a Woman? Vol. 3, #1.)

If we can understand rape in such broad terms, then we, as white women, should be able to listen to the criticisms of Third World women without defensiveness and try to understand their oppression and hear what they are telling us about ourselves when they tell us that we are also oppressing them. We cannot fight sexism without fighting racism (and classism) too -- because they are all part of the same attitude that divides us: one group or person considering itself superior to another group or person and therefore justified in taking advantage of that group or person. We cannot be part of the thing we are fighting and still fight it. We must break with it first.

I write this letter as an attempt to consciousness-raise about rape and about racism. If I have been inaccurate or inconsistant it is because of the complexity of the topic and because I am still struggling. Please respond.

Sincerely,

Kathy Williams

There is now a

RAPE CRISIS LINE

in Iowa City. Phone

319·338·4800

5 pm to 7 am & 10 am to 12 noon all week

The Rape Crisis Line offers

- *transportation*
- *medical and legal advice*
- *companionship*

The women of the Rape Line would like to hear from all women who want to talk about rape and their experiences.

When the issue of violence came up here it was sparked by the murder of a local mother by her freshly-divorced husband. Most of the women around me are lesbians and we don't waste a lot of energies or endanger our immediate security or lives by messing with pricks, but we have all been worked over in some violent way(s) to varying degrees. Fathers, brothers, uncles, grandfathers, cops, neighbors, teachers, boyfriends, bosses, doctors, husbands, pimps, "Rev brothers" those nameless rapists, muggers, vandals... it's endless, right? They're all rapists, arrogant patriarchs, big and little imperialists, misogynists (woman-haters.) It demands that we learn self-defense, and retaliation is more than just a temptation or dream.

When I think violence in own life I think of two things: being brutalized as a child, mostly by my father, and fighting with other kids. I've been dragged, punched, kicked, slapped, choked, gouged, stomped, kneed, knocked down and knocked out- and that only takes arms and legs. I've been cut, stabbed with forks, sat on, whipped with belts, ropes, willow branches, fence pickets, hit with telephone receivers, roller skates, shoe trees, broom handles, umbrellas, boot heels, 2x4 boards, paint sticks, rocks, bolts and washers on a string, fly swatters, teflon frying pans, books, and my own fucking toys. I've been thrown down stairs, off tables, ledges, and against walls. I've been attacked in my sleep for "misbehaving" and out of sabotage by siblings. I've been physically disciplined, punished, and harassed in public, in front of neighbors, friends, and relatives, in school and in church. And none of this includes verbal abuse, psychological threat, mental torture and degradation. It also doesn't include those "real words"- robbery, assault and battery, child abuse, assault with intent, attempted murder, and all those other legal lines I can't think of right now.

All that sounds extreme, but I really had a pretty normal working-class childhood- and I'm certainly alive, whole and capable, at least physically. My thing isn't scandal sheet gore and excitement. I want to achieve and promote a radical women's consciousness about vilence on our heads, and then advocate and activate the powers of violence we can exploit in immediate, constant aggression. That's where my neighborhood and family experience comes in, sort of. I fought with boys bigger than myself and some really hefty females, dirty tactics, all around. No weaponry within our access was barred, and we weren't too picky- half of the bludgeons, etc. that I named were wielded by myself and other enraged children of all ages. Doesn't the thought of physically-menacing kids freak out adult minds? When I was in the fifth grade I had a dream about "Communist invasion," being the terrified patriot I was. In my dream hordes of kids were allowed into the summit meeting where we found Nikita Kruschchev tied to a barber's chair. We attacked him with toys, playground equipment, food and hoodlum-type weapons until he surrendered and stopped the "A-bomb." This dream was extremely vivid, and set to military dirges and the "rumble music" from West Side Story. When I told my friends about it they just thought I was "wacky" so I never told my family. (I was weird enough for them.) But I think that dream is inspiring, and I remember it when weaknesses get me down. Being "wacky" certainly doesn't mean being harmless.

Even though my parents were violent they consistently put down our violence and reacted as if we were ruthless pirates and dogs. Shit, most of my serious injuries came from my old man. I guess it's that "mirror-image" revulsion, not to mention society's double standards concerning children and females. My brothers all own shotguns and are learning to hunt, one great guerrilla skill that many males learn really early.

I am convinced that any woman with most of her capacities can take a man down in a fair fight. But lots of us have had our heads bent and our bodies stunted and kept under-developed. And the fight is not fair - so we cannot afford unnecessary hesitation or modest goals. There are lots of ways to get the job(s) done, but basically we need to develop our bodily powers without shame or hinderance. We also must become skillful in the technology, procurement and use of weapons, including firearms, blades, and chemical methods (poisons, gasses, explosives, etc.) There are many things that come to my mind; we need to learn hand-to-hand combat and learn to use it effectively. We'd like to become fighters, atheletes and sneaks. But, James Bond, we ain't- so to start with we have to use our imaginations and whatever is available. When I made all those lists in the beginning paragraphs it was for our health, if you know what I mean.

Recycle women's energies: use this paper to start a fire in a significant location.

VIOLENT WOMEN

VIOLENCE AND

I've been trying to get my thoughts together about violence, because my first thoughts when it's brought up (as it has been lately a lot because of rapes, murders, and Robin Morgan's speech here recently) always turn from thinking of women as victims of violence to a really deep desire to be able to be violent, to know women *can be* violent.

The kind of violence I want is qualitatively different from the kind represented by that catch-all phrase, "violent crime." Those words are used by the establishment to refer, generally, to individual acts of violence against people and property. But in this society I *want* to be a criminal; I *am* a criminal. And, I want to be violent. I'm convinced my potential to be violent is creative, exciting and liberating. I need that. I *need* it.

The definitions of violence we are given are wierd. Institutionalized violence by corporate, military and social America is applauded. That violence is destructive of everything vital in people -- their real feelings, thier real needs. But when individuals' real feelings *must* be expressed "violently" in speech or deed to insure the survival of those individuals, it is repressed with sanctions of every kind -- from taking away your livelihood to taking away your life (in jail or in actuality).

When I was growing up I was never allowed to express even the simplest form of violence: anger. My middle-class family put a high premium on calm, rational discussion, and any behavior outside that form was completely squashed. I'm sure now that what they were saying to me as a child angry at the oppressivelness of being a child was: "Don't you dare scream and yell. *Ladies* don't yell. *Nice people* don't yell. *Well-bred* people don't yell. For God's sake don't act like a lower-class bitch."

Well, I say: Thank God for lower-class bitches who have yelled at me and scared me shitless and given me the "guilty DT's" and continue to yell at me, because that's one of the few ways that I've been able to figure out what real feelings and needs are, other people's and mine too.

Of course I still can't yell. When I get angry (and at least I *know* I'm angry now and don't just repress it and get depressed) my voice shakes, I feel sick, and only people who know me can tell I'm angry. And I want to do *more* than get angry. I want to *do violence*. Sensible killing. Meaningful violence. Organized. Creative. So I can't even raise my voice? Instead I'll learn to raise a fist, raise a gun, raise an army.

That's why "violence for the sake of violence", which the bullshit pig media and their friends call it when people get frustrated and riot or do individual violent acts, is such an inverted propagandistic phrase. Violence is for the sake of ending violence, for the sake of one's self and others. Like Che said, revolution is done for love.

At this point I get frustrated because the the paths, if any, are obscured. That either means, as a friend said, that there are no paths, or that we aren't in the position to see them, i.e. we don't deserve to. But really, I think of when I read "No More Fun and Games" in this paper a year ago, and if that wasn't a path exactly, it damn well gave some hints. So what's the problem?

The following is an important message:

Lots of new plans and positions on where-it's-at, where-it-was, what-to-do, how-to-do-it, etc...are coming up in, what some may call, the women's movement. What we're all hearing is dialogue and arguments between women in our community and in other cities based on the subject matter of books and long essays. Basically these are Lesbian Nation by lesbian Village Voice columnist and feminist Jill Johnston; The First Sex by Elizabeth Gould Davis and Mother Right: A New Feminist Theory by Jane Alpert, a former Weather affiliate and political fugutive feminist. We have been trying to get information and other women's opinions about the issues created by these books, and mostly have been pretty confused and not often satisfied. Only recently it began to dawn that all these new issues are part of an academic haze parading as the going politics and correct direction for lesbians, feminists, and separatists. We have all been arguing and searching for arguments about lesbian nation, mother right, gynarchy, and matriarchy in the name of an idea, and are failing to examine the source and it's cover.

Ain't I A Woman? has been concerned about finding out about all these new issues so that we could sort out what should be criticized and what should be pursued. We haven't been objectively interested, either; lots of things put us off. Talk and plans of lesbian farms, goddesses, breeding out men, emphasizing culture and art, glorifying motherhood, and other such things all leave some women out in the cold, with their needs consistently ignored. Most of these women are the same women that get fucked over by the racist, male class system, consistently. We are some of those women, and that's where we're coming from.

We hear about lesbians being pitted against each other over the presence of a male transexual at their conference, (or somebody's conference) and for sure some women are getting fucked over there, and incorrect lines plus repressive tactics means getting fucked over as much as a male presence does. Women called the Los Angeles conference a lot of things, including the birth of the lesbian nation, which seems presumptious. What do conscious women expect, anyway, in the middle of a big university campus, under the close, opportunistic eye of the press and with Ronald Ray-gun's permission? Subversion, division, and exploitation are never accidents, and the state of California is never going to allow the birth of a revolution, (which is what we need) let alone finance it and house it. Neither is Random House, Doubleday, Simon and Schuster, CBS, PBS, the Washington Post or Ms. Magazine.

We hear about lesbians who have enough money, property and credit starting to buy land for rural communes and calling themselves "nations," as if the fight has already been won and there is all this "free land" for "free people." How the fuck do women who are, for the most part, naive city-dwellers, dependent on urban services and the labor of other human beings, expect to handle droughts, insects, flooded fields and all the other trials and labors of a farmer? With hired hands? Servants? How do these women, even if they learn modern methods and get all that expensive machinery, survive in the face of agri-business and Nixon's economy? Farmers who are not big-money guys get their crops in and their animals to market with the help of other farmers and sharing equipment. And they suffer harder losses every year until they sell, against their will. There aren't going to be any bunches of lesbians next door, and primitive agriculture will not suffice. Not since the Industrial Exploitation has this been possible, and not without the deaths of six billion human beings could it ever be done again, especially considering all the healing this planet needs. Short-sighted separatists determined not to relate to men would die quickly, (unless supported by those of us "sell-outs" who have to work for a living) though true to their principles, in rural Amerika. The grain elevators, railroads, stockyards, service coops and markets are all owned and controlled by pig, capitalist men. And certainly these women would be forced to defend "their" land and lifestyles against the rural people, (who become the police when they are threatened) because isolating oneself totally from oppression can only be acheived by suicide.

We hear about The First Sex and Jane Alpert's new theory and how women are into a return of Matriarchal Rule, goddess worship, honoring motherhood, etc. Many of us cannot relate to ancient history in very many concrete ways, maybe because it's so academic and irrelevant to our lives in the here and now. Motherhood is a frightening and complex thing to glorify. To many women motherhood only means pain and hardship, and is something to escape, destroy, or at least de-emphasize. Motherhood as a woman's basic identification and role-to-be-respected is part of the heterosexual sexist rap we want to beat. Childcare is an issue for women, and we want to relate to it and deal with it because it is a need of women. However, in lots of cases, being allowed to do childcare, as lesbians, is another trip. Restrictions, rip-offs, and repression are being laid on us by the people who want to glorify mothers and motherhood, be they feminist or lesbian mothers, or state investigators, acting as agents of those who prefer heterosexuality, sexism, and the nuclear family.

We hear about cloning and XY chromosomes and how if women stopped having male children that men would die out in 68 years. It's been said that women have poured energy into our history and our future, but that no one is dealing with the present and the war we need to change things. It would take much longer than 68 years to get women to stop producing male children, unless dykes are talking about taking control of people's lives to institute such a fucked-up-priority dream. No men suits us fine, but for a white, middle class-dominated movement to talk so glibly about exterminating all men is genocidal, because most men and most women are not white and are disenfranchised and oppressed by the ruling classes and governments that were the first to think of killing off undesirables, anyway, including lesbians. We know that women of color who are feminists, lesbians, and separatist are man-haters. We know that poor and working-class white feminists, lesbians and separatists are man-haters, because we are some of those women. It is not outrageous to hear Third World women condemn the power and pigshit of men of their races. Those women are under those men in this society, white middle-class women are not. The rage of those of us who are working-class against men is real, it is our right. It's painful and infuriating to think of those well-fed women taking pride in beating or murdering, at random, men whose bodies are possibly sick, tired, and weak from being over-worked and under-nourished. This not to say that women should not begin making immediate, violent retaliations against male institutions and male attackers, in whatever way we see fit. And it is not to say that we should not kill men if that is what it takes to blast away this shit pile once and for all.

I'm thinking that many women are going to attack or dismiss what is said here as male left ad nauseum, etc.., that being such an effective threat against feminists; but I'll wager that most women with their shit together, especially about class or race, will understand exactly what is being talked about. If all this pre-revolutionary energy for genocide were re-focussed on trying to start the fights that will lead to being able to eat, live and have the right of self-determination, (important idea, there,)life'd be bearable. But maybe this energy isn't really energy, but more haze and distraction. It's increasingly obvious that even in the women's movement, even in radical lesbian groups that poor and Third World women are invisible; we do not exist to the Amazons, artists, Matriarchists, and media-pushers. Women do not have to read Lesbian Nation or The First Sex to "know where it's at in the women's movement.." and should not have to hear any woman tell us we do. Academic and literary-world women should not push culture, art, and their intelligensia standards down anymore throats. These things are not a part of most women's lives and struggles. Lesbians should not palm off the heterosexual "mother right" on other lesbians, mothers and non-mothers alike..

Coming up with a realistic analysis of things starts with recognizing who we are and what our needs are. All of us, and all of our real needs. Being "uncultured" "uneducated" and isolated from hip trips is not the pitiful life. Being hungry and dependent and sick in our bodies from being denied even minimal unoppressive medical care is the lot of most women and most lesbians and most female children, and these needs should be paramount to revolution-minded dykes. Let's stop eating up media-traps and tempting professional interests. Let's find real meat to sink our teeth into, literally.

Dear women and sisters,

I just wanted to write you to tell you how important Ain't I A Woman has been to me. When I first started subscribing I was in a small women's college in rural New York, had never met or read a lesbain woman, and was having an incredibly difficult time accepting my own gayness though I'd been gay my whole life. Not only did Ain't I A Woman put me in touch with anger and sense of oppression, but more than anything else I read clear headedness, working things out, a sense of commitment, community, joy, even love. That was important, for besides finally admitting and getting in touch with pain and anger, it gave me something to move towards - yes, some lesbians are really, really getting it together - and that gave me courage. I was so, so afraid of moving, but I began to dream of moving out & helping you write the paper, and in the meantime I came out as the only open lesbian on campus. I faced great hostility, rejection, denial, sex objectification & built some tenuous, mistrustful relationships with some closety women who came to me.

I lay awake nights, amazed by what you said, scared I could never be the kind of revolutionary I knew I had to be. You gave me a handle on the revolution, a way I could grab it, grapple with it, use it. I never admitted how much hatred there was there (at school), never admitted my courage, but saw the struggle as beginning when I left. What finally helped me leave was your articles on class. I saw how college perpetuated in me class values which didn't belong to me. I left.

I'm in an eastern city now. It's so nice being with gay women that the worst struggle seems past, even though the stakes and the anger are higher. There are so many gay women here, and such security, & we even have a women's center, but no radical gay collective working on politics and action. At first I felt intimidated - that the reason I was more restless was that they'd already been through solidarity, organizing, talking, action, and I hadn't, that the reason I felt the gay community/ solidarity still had to be built was be cause I wasn't a part of it. But reading your paper yesterday I realized that though that's partly true, there still is a need for the solidarity, real communication, & clarity of vision I see in your paper. I'm beginning to talk to women about that, seeing they feel the same way, beginning to have the courage and initiative to gather a collective to go deeper than the comfortable place we've fought to put ourselves in.

I don't mean to idealize you, but I do have profound respect for you. I respect that you write about your community of women and yourselves, and detail that struggle, because I believe that is the level where politics, action, & revolution are made. I respect you for putting revolution in such a concrete form that I can really grapple with it. I respect you for not compromising what you say. I disagree with people who don't think your paper speaks to those new to feminism. I came to your paper as politically naive as any, and as scared, confused & self-hating as any, and I saw the clarity of it, and it may have kept me awake nights, but thank god for that. With me at least your paper succeeds in that it helps me clarify directions & goals & stirs me to action. It shakes me up.

I've wanted to write to you a long time, but felt inadequate, inarticulate. Doing tae kwon do has helped me put my anger into good solid fighting and somehow that has helped the words flow. I think I would like to have a relationship with you, writing to and for you as my writing gets better if you want. You can do with this letter what's useful to you, publish it if you want.

I'd like your complete volumes #1&2. I've had some of those copies I think, but I keep giving them away to women sitting next to me on buses and so on...

Best of my hopes for you. With deep felt thanks and love,

Kathy

AIAW? is on file...

at the
International Women's
History Archive
2325 Oak St
Berkeley, Ca. 94708

and is available
on microfilm through:
Bell + Howell
Drawer "E"
Wooster, Ohio

WOMEN'S
COLLECTIVE HEALTH
PROJECT
needs a radical feminist doctor to staff a clinic to serve women's health needs and to do abortions. We already have place and equipment. Write the collective at 125 N. Gilbert, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

our printing policy....

The AIAW collective makes all decisions on what we print. We try to print articles that we agree with, and as a whole, have the paper represent the politics of the collective. We do, however, decide at times to print material submitted to us that we may have some disagreements with, but that we basically think are helpful and worth reading. We do not edit any articles, but sometimes we don't feel right about printing certain articles without commenting or responding to them in the paper to make our own views clear. If we wish to do that we will communicate privately with whoever submitted the article to be sure it's all right. To designate what articles come from AIAW and what articles come from outside, we have started signing AIAW on collective articles and articles by individuals from the collective.

People keep writing us nice letters and we want to print them. It would save us a lot of time if you would indicate whether or not you want us to print it. We never use anyone's name unless we know she wants us to.

-AIAW

WHOLE WOMAN

MONTHLY FEMINIST NEWSPAPER
FROM MADISON, WIS.

- NEWS
- REVIEWS
- ANALYSIS
- POETRY
- GRAPHICS

SUBS
$3.50/YR.

SEND TO:
WHOLE WOMAN
836 E. JOHNSON
MADISON WIS
53703

SUBSCRIBE:
Ain't I A Woman?

1 year sub-$5.00 ☐
Institutional sub-$20.00 ☐
Complete Volumes #1 ☐
(Both for 1 yr. sub price) #2 ☐
overseas sub-$13.00 ☐

SPECIAL OFFER
Complete Index of Vol. 1+2:
2.75 each
individual $1.00 ☐
institutional $5.00 ☐

BULK:

If your group wants to receive bundles of AIAW? send 15¢ per copy in advance.

Gay Women who need to talk or want info about ongoing activities in Iowa City can now talk to gay ♀ by calling GERI at 645-4929

the Furies

LESBIAN/FEMINIST NEWSPAPER
$3.00 / 1 year sub.
Box #8843
S.E. Station
Wash., D.C. 20003

THE POLITICS OF HEALTH CARE
is a 28-page bibliography with annotations on over 400 articles and books. Edited by 2 members (male) of Boston Medical Committee for Human Rights. 35¢ per copy; in bulk (15or more)to movement groups, it's 17 1/2¢ per. Order from:
NEW ENGLAND FREE PRESS
791 Tremont St.
Boston, Mass. 02118

On June 24 a New Orleans gay bar burned up, killing at least one woman and 28 men. Most survivors were injured. Ironically, this happened while many gay people in other cities celebrated Gay Pride Week.

We felt the need to report this for two reasons: one, the mass media didn't always say it was a gay bar; two, it's a horrible manifestation of exploitive unconcern by gay bar owners. That bar was burned out in 18 MINUTES. It was on the 2nd floor; there was one door and 3 partly hidden windows, with a fire escape that didn't reach the ground. Yet, a fire marshall told the press it was in compliance with state fire codes. Maybe it was arson. I think it was what a businesspig provides for gay people --a fire trap.

aiaw

WOMEN'S LAW COLLECTIVE
is looking for a radical woman lawyer. The collective now consists of two law students and one legal worker. If interested write c/o AIAW?, Box 1169, Iowa City, Iowa 52240

AIN'T I A WOMAN? IS A PUBLICATION REFLECTING ONLY THE OPINION AND STRUGGLE OF A SMALL COLLECTIVE OF RADICAL GAY WOMEN- NOT THE WHOLE GAY/WOMEN'S COMMUNITY IN IOWA CITY.

all women are welcome to read their poetry

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE 1ST AND 2ND ANNUAL ALL WOMENS POETRY READINGS HELD IN IOWA CITY

available april '73 $1
thru: action studies
303 jefferson bldg.
iowa city, iowa 52240

LAVENDER WOMAN

the LESBIAN PAPER OF Chicago
1yr.$3; institutions $6;
50¢ back issues; Free to sisters in prison or a mental hospital.
send to: Lavender Woman
PO Box 60206
1723 W. Devon
Chgo, Ill. 60660

the second wave Vol.2, No.4
Box 344, Cambridge A
Cambridge, MA 02139

ROBIN MORGAN'S SPEECH
NATURAL BIRTH CONTROL
a talk with PHYLLIS CHESLER
notes of a RADICAL TRANSSEXUAL
plus poetry, reviews & more

_____$3* for a year sub (4 issues). Start my sub with issue no.___
_____$.75+$.25 postage for 1 copy of issue no.___
*add $.50 outside of USA; $4.50 airmail overseas
25% discount on 10 or more orders